

## THE WORLD

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 6.

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## Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, March 31, was as follows:

MONDAY.....	100,600
TUESDAY.....	106,500
WEDNESDAY.....	105,640
THURSDAY.....	102,800
FRIDAY.....	106,760
SATURDAY.....	106,880
Average for the Entire Month of March.....	106,291

The phenomenal success of THE EVENING WORLD in securing within less than six months, and holding steadily, an average circulation of 106,000 a day, has led to a great deal of loose bragging and unsubstantiated "claims" among its contemporaries. Shrewd advertisers note the fact, however, that THE WORLD is the only paper that throws open its books and press-room for a verification of its figures.

## THE CASE CLOSED.

The death of JACOB SHARP puts an end to one of the strangest careers and most noted criminal cases in the history of this city. His pursuit by Justice, demanded by every consideration of good government while the prisoner lived, comes with his death. "The grave buries every resentment"—except for ghoul.

And yet not even death nor sympathy with the sorrowing family should be permitted to blur moral distinctions, nor to make the corruption of public servants seem anything less than the dark and dangerous crime it is.

The SHARP case is closed, but it has not wholly failed to convey the needed warning.

## HEARING FRUIT.

THE WORLD's exposure of the Lobby at Albany is still bearing fruit.

Not only have the "promoters of legislation" been ruled off the floor of both houses—an important achievement in itself for the last weeks of the session, when their nefarious trade is most active—but the King of the Lobby, who was so cleverly trapped by Nelly Bly, has left the capital.

The Assembly seems disposed to order an investigation. To be effective, it should be had at once. Half the present members may not be returned.

## MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

There is one result of the election in Rhode Island over which every poor man, and every true American, whether poor or rich, will rejoice.

The constitutional amendment abolishing the property qualification as a prerequisite for voting was adopted. Heretofore no foreign-born citizen could vote in this pocket borough of the rich manufacturers unless he owned at least \$134 worth of real estate.

Over 30,000 citizens, 8,000 of them naturalized, were shut out of participation in the Government by this undemocratic provision. Hereafter men and not money will vote in Rhode Island—and the result may be different.

## DIME-PINCHING MONOPOLIES.

JAY GOULD must be badly in need of money. His Western Union employees were docked for absence during the blizzard, when it was impossible for many of them to get to their posts—partly through the failure of Mr. GOULD's elevated roads.

The employees of the latter, by the way, anticipate a docking for the same reason. And yet the many-millionaire wonders why the public feeling is almost always against him in his fights, regardless of the merits of the case. A little generosity and public spirit go a great way in this world, and the "Little Wizard" is as deficient in both as a last year's turnip is in blood.

## WITCH AND WIZARD.

Mme. DISE DEBAR debars HERMANN from being her man in open competition in the black art.

The witch doesn't care to meet the wizard in a trial of skill in producing "spirit pictures." The necromancer offered to forfeit \$1,000 to a deserving charity if he did not duplicate every performance of the alleged medium, by means of his art as a professional juggler. Those who have seen his performances will not doubt his ability.

But the "humble and unworthy instrument" declines the test, on the old ground of "antagonistic influences." Humbug lives long—in the dark.

The Administration forces in the Democratic State Committee have the credit of selecting New York as the place for holding the State Convention, and THE EVENING WORLD has the credit of being the only evening paper to give this news yesterday.

An American who has lately been at Florence writes that Mr. BLAINE "looks to be seventy." Well, he certainly ran "like sixty" only four years ago.

JOSEPH COOK, the bellowing Boston Boanerges, will never know how much real education he lost by declining the invitation

of a party of jolly old men at Detroit to "join in the fun." What Jox needs is more "all-around" culture.

## ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Broker Henry Fitch always carries an umbrella, rain or shine.

David Carroll, the real-estate broker, always wears a silk hat.

Capt. Meakin, of the Mulberry street police, is very popular with his men.

Mrs. F. T. Low has charge of a booth at the big fair going on at the Second Battery Armory.

The Rev. Amos W. Lyford, of Cheshire, Conn., is spending a few days in town. He is a great admirer of THE EVENING WORLD.

## TIPS FOR THE TABLE.

Fineapples are scarce at 40 and 60 cents each.

Pears are very scarce and bring 75 cents a dozen.

Valencia oranges are selling for 30 cents a dozen.

Strawberries are scarce, and 40 and 50 cents a quart is asked for them.

There is a large supply of maple sugar. It brings 20 cents a pound.

The supply of Florida oranges is scant. They bring from 60 cents to \$1 a dozen.

A small supply of white grapes bring 60 cents a pound. Catawbas sell for 35 cents.

## FESTIVE STATEN ISLANDERS.

Harry R. Denyse, of Tompkinsville, practices Apache war dances.

James Sullivan, of New Brighton, has a habit of vanishing after each dance.

Charles Jacoby, of Clifton, never blooms as a wall flower at leap-year parties.

Joseph Cody, of Clifton, can perform a Highland fling on either his hands or his feet.

Edward Eichenberg, of New Brighton, is glad Lent is over and he can dance again.

Bernard Murphy, of Tompkinsville, is often called upon to act as assistant floor manager.

Edward Paret, of Tompkinsville, invented several new figures for the German ball waltz.

James McCaffrey, of Stapleton, prefers a lively mazurka to a hogsheading match any night.

James Brennan, of Stapleton, is satisfied if he has a railing to hold on to and a hard surface for jiggling.

Rob Rogers, of Stapleton, has not the slightest resemblance to a wooden man on wires when he gets going.

## WORLDLINGS.

Mr. O. B. Bance's successful little manual, "Don't," has reached its one hundred and fourth thousand, and has recently been translated into modern Greek.

Although Robert Bonner has owned the fastest horses in the country and is ever on the alert for new acquisitions, it is said that he rarely goes to witness a horse-race and never bets on one. He never drives a horse on Sunday and never permits one of his horses to be driven on that day.

My Emily Bird, a colored woman who died at Centerville, Tenn., recently, was for a long time a missionary in Liberia, Africa, and once received and entertained the world-renowned explorer, Livingston, on one of his most notable exploring expeditions. She spoke fluently many of the native African languages.

The flat pieces of iron shaped like the letter S that are frequently seen on the walls of old brick buildings are said to be an ancient symbol of the sun. Their origin may be traced back to Asia, where they were in use in prehistoric times, and the same sign was once employed on the official seals of Sicily and the Isle of Man.

One of the most successful pieces of instrumental music composed in late years is the "Raguet" galop, composed five years ago by Miss Kate Simmons, of Washington. More than two hundred thousand copies of the galop have been sold, and within sixteen months after its publication it brought its composer a check for \$5,000.

There are now four women on the rolls of the Union College of Law in Chicago, and many of the fair graduates of the institution have achieved success in expounding Blackstone. One of them, Bessie Broadwell Helmer, who was only recently admitted to the Chicago Bar, has edited the last twelve volumes of Brodwell's Appellate Court reports.

Edward Blewett, who has just been elected President of the First National Bank, of Fremont, Neb., is regarded as a typical Nebraskaer by his fellow-citizens. At the age of thirteen he drove an ox team across the plains, barefooted and friendless; at eighteen he was \$10,000 in debt. He is now at the head of one of the largest horse ranches in the West and worth nearly \$1,000,000.

None of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's stories has been so successful as her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which has kept her thousands of dollars in royalties. It still keeps up its popularity and is now near the fiftieth thousand in America, while many thousand copies of it have been sold in England. An Italian edition of the story has just been published in Rome, and a Berlin newspaper is publishing it serially.

The fact is pointed out that many of the most brilliant men and women in American literature are growing old and cannot hope for many more years of active work. Lowell is seventy, Fitzee Goodwin seventy-two, John T. Headley, Washington's historian, is seventy-four; "Mrs. Partington" seventy-five, while Francis Parkman, the historian; Dr. Holmes, Mr. Whittier, Dr. McCosh, Theodore Woolsey, Margaret Preston, George Bancroft and many others are far advanced in life.

Dr. Baker, who falsely signed the death certificate, and Dr. Aitkin, who aided Bradford in his attendance upon the girl, were additional prisoners, and Frederick Lay, a recent graduate of Bellevue and a junior physician in that institution, the man who accompanied Bradford on the fatal carriage ride, was rudely torn from his high position and was made also to feel the terrors of an offended law. But the end was not yet. There was one more person for whom the drag-net was set, and justice would not be appeased until he was drawn in.

William Blinn was one of the popular clerks of the Hotel Brunswick, whose suave manner and genteel appearance had won for him the esteem and respect of both employers and guests. He had been the almost constant escort of Vicky Connors in her days of pleasure, and with young Jay shared the responsibility for her destruction. It was a crushing blow that could not be averted, and with his arrest Inspector Murray felt that his great detective work was accomplished and the law up to that time fully vindicated. He slept soundly the rest of that night, for his months of weary travail had brought forth a harvest of good results—the murdered beauty was avenged and a hidden crime revealed.

It was discovered that Bradford had engaged the undertaker and paid all his charges by instalments, and the better to secure immunity from detection, had taken advantage of Vicky Connors's mother's desolation and poverty, by inducing her, as a domestic housekeeper in the place where George

must be counted out. (From *Times* Stringer.)

Clergyman (solemnly)—Young man, do you ever indulge in that nefarious game called poker? Young Man (seriously)—Occasionally; but really, sir, you will have to excuse me. I couldn't think of taking a hand in a railroad game.

## The Flying Dove of Peace.

A richly frosted quivering, flying Dove. A Dream of Life screen calendar. An imported ideal. An imported frosted green scene and a full set of magnificent floral cards. Fourteen artistic pieces. Sent to any one who will buy from a druggist a box of the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS (price 35 cts.) and mail us the outside wrapper from the box with 4 cents in stamps. Write your address plainly. FLEMING BROS., Pittsburg, Pa.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are a sure cure for Bile Disorders, Biliousness and Dyspepsia. They are prepared by a chemist, and are absolutely pure. Respect from the press materials.

## A BEAUTIFUL VICTIM;

OR,  
New York in the Seventies.

From the Detective Diary of  
Supt. William Murray,  
of the Metropolitan Police.

CHAPTER V.  
(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HE midnight hour which had sounded the knell of beautiful Vicky Connors was chosen by Inspector Murray as an appropriate time to make the guilty tremble at the exposure of their crime and the certainty of a just punishment. Detectives were started from different directions on different errands bent, with instructions to make certain arrests and to take each prisoner to a station-house remote from the others, so that no communication could be had, or one know who else was in custody. Door-bells were rung in five sections of the city as the clocks struck the hour of midnight, and six persons, nearly all professional men, were placed under arrest and promptly sent to prison cells to meditate upon the awful discovery of their crimes.

THE GREAT OFFENDER SECURED.

When Dr. Orlando D. Bradford was aroused from his peaceful slumber and was met by a detective armed with a pair of ominous handcuffs, he affected great surprise and railed loudly against the indignity that was being heaped upon a reputable member of an honored profession. His well-feigned innocence did not avail him in his hour of dire need, however, for he was informed that he was known as an ex-photographer, who

had purchased a bogus diploma entitling him to practise medicine and surgery, with as many aliases as he had victims of his vile craft, he wined, and when confronted with his names of Emory, Williams and Bott, the latter the name of a physician who was dead and whose name Bradford had stolen from the grave, the prisoner turned pale.

"You are the mysterious hackdriver who have been in search of for many months," said the detective, "and now we shall put you where you can do no further harm."

Bradford presented his hands for the steel bracelets and appeared to be very anxious to leave the house. But a search of his premises was to be made, and what a startling discovery it proved to be not merely in the evidences of his peculiar craft, for that was expected, but something happened to startle even the detectives, who are so accustomed to surprises.

THE MISSING MOTHER FOUND.

In an upper chamber, crouched in a corner, shivering and pale with anxiety and fear, was a woman, dressed in black, with her face buried in her hands. The detectives gazed in awe upon the sad picture and were touched by the abject pity which her position evoked. It was the mother of the dead Vicky Connors, who had entered the abode of the man who had slain her child, and was installed as housekeeper. Was ever degradation more complete? The poor woman was made a prisoner and also went to a prison.

In Clover at the Hotel.

Dr. Henshaw Ward, of San Francisco, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Sam W. Small is in New York and stops at the Fifth Avenue.

Charles W. Wilder, of Auburn, is sheltered at the Fifth Avenue.

Thos. Bell and Geo. A. Bohl, both of Montreal, have rooms at the Hoffman.

C. W. Gushman, the Buffalo lawyer, is taken care of at the Hoffman.

The Hon. James M. Allen, the banker and politician, of Terre Haute, among its guests.

R. C. Livingston, the Boston lawyer, is at the St. James.

The Gileys shelter Geo. Meemir, of Paris, who is seeking the sights of New York.

A. K. Wick, a banker from Youngstown, O., has rooms at the Gileys.

Lieut. O. M. Lissak, U. S. A., is at the Grand.

Wm. Keyser, the Baltimore copper manufacturer, is at the Grand.

At the Astor to-day are A. T. Wilcox, of Columbia, O.; J. H. Neimyer, Jr., of Richmond, Va., and T. K. Simpson, of Pratt, Kas.

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Shire, Ella Crighton and Vicky Connors met their death.

ALL TURN AGAINST BRADFORD.

There was a scramble for immunity. The prisoners had been isolated and neither knew what the others had said or might say, and self-protection became the ruling desire. Bradford alone put on a bold front and became absolutely defiant. He was a man of infinite resources and relied upon his ingenuity to save him in this his supreme hour of trial. He knew not what a terrible chain of evidence was weaving to enclose him or that his fancied strong defense was but a rope of sand. Dr. Lay was the first to break down, and in a few days the detectives were given a much-needed rest.

Nothing remained but a trial by jury.

(To be Continued To-Morrow.)

YESTERDAY AT THE HOFFMAN.

Ex-Mayor Cooper and Commissioner Croker had a long chat.

At 8.05 Thomas Coitigan hove in sight and Mr. Bissell took a back seat.

The meeting of the Democratic State Committee was numerously attended.

Edward Kearney secured two rural votes for New York for the convention.

King McLaughlin, the Democratic leader in King's County, held a levee in the corridor.

Mr. McLaughlin was heard to say: "Nothing can prevent President Cleveland's renomination."

The heaviest weight present up to 9 o'clock P. M. was W. S. Bissell, President Cleveland's former law partner.

Richard A. Cunningham announced that the New Amsterdam Club would keep open house during the convention.

It was understood that Hugh McLaughlin and ex-Mayor Murphy, of Troy, had a war of words before the committee met.

The committee had to meet in Chairman Edward Murphy's room because he was suffering from an attack of rheumatic gout.

The general opinion of the knowing ones is that Tammany Hall is now leaning more towards the National than the State administration.

This was their first meeting since the Brooklyn members of the committee voted against Howell P. Flower for member of the National Committee.

Senator Foley, proprietor of the Foley House, Saratoga, voted for New York City as his choice for the convention. The friends of Albany were surprised.

Sheriff Grant had to smile when Police Justice Maurice J. Power handed the Secretary of the committee a piece of paper authorizing him to be proxy for ex-Mayor William R. Grace.

"Fine Weather."

(From *Times* Stringer.)

He came in the door with a 45-calibre Colt at full-cock, a bludgeon the size of a cart-stay under his arm, and exclaimed, in that quick, nervous way that has become proverbial in callers of his class:

"Which do you prefer for the first course, shootin' or hammerin'?"

The editor made no reply, but reached under his double-breasted suit and produced a double-barrelled, and balanced it cleverly over the hollow of his left elbow.

"Is your loaded?" asked the visitor.

"For keep," was the laconic answer.

"Miss air! Fine weather we're havin'. Good-day!" And he went down the stairs, leaving the editor with the 45-calibre Colt and the bludgeon.

"Where would you play, Mr. Hanlon, if you should succeed in securing your release?"

"I would play with the club that would give me the most money. The Detroit management refused to release me on the technicality that other clubs would object. This argument is a convenient story that all managers hide behind whenever they fail to let me go."

"The Detroit people have my terms; they may do as they choose."

Mr. Hanlon then turned to wait upon several customers and the reporter with him.

Detroit's ex-captain spoke dispassionately of the situation and did not appear to care particularly whether he played ball or sold his.

PHILADELPHIA, April 4.—The *Public Ledger* prints the following despatch from Pittsburgh: "President Nimick received a telegram from President Smith, of the Detroit Baseball Club, yesterday asking him to waive claim to Edward Hanlon. The message shows that a deal for his sale to Brooklyn is under way. Will I waive claim?" said President Nimick. "Now I am just considering. I don't think I will. He is a great ball player, and we should try and get him, for he would strengthen the nine. Hanlon is the man who got the champion team together. He is particularly strong as an outfielder. We cannot afford to surrender our claims to him. Brooklyn, it is understood, is willing to pay \$3,000 for Hanlon."

Around Home Plate.

Pitcher Ferguson thinks New York will win the pennant.

Nat Wise, of the New England League, has been signed by Boston.

The regular diamond at the Polo Grounds will probably be ready for play next week.

The Detroit-St. Louis game at Memphis yesterday resulted in a victory for the Browns.

The Boston, with their \$25,000 battery, in the points, defeated the reserve team yesterday 7 to 2.

If the Wolverines continue to lose games with their present regularity it will not be long before the Detroit papers begin to wonder for Hanlon.

"No name" cards will be posted by the Brooklyn Club at the bridge and the several ferries at Long on any day when the weather or other cause prevents a game.

The New Yorks will play the Williams College Club at the Polo Grounds to-day, and the Brooklyn will meet the Nassau at Washington Park, Brooklyn. Both games will be called at 3 P. M.

"Hoodlum" Latham is making himself disliked by the Detroit players. Some of them go so far as to assert that much of their ill-success in the series with the Browns is caused by the perennial yawn of the St. Louis third-baseman.

The dates have been reorganized a baseball club for the season, and would like to engage a few good players, especially a pitcher and a catcher. The only one who may have helped him is George Munnagham, 300 East Fourth-street.

He Got It Right.

(From *Times* Stringer.)

Pompous Old Teacher (to class in sacred history): "What weapon did Samson use to kill the Philistines?"

No one remembers.

P. O. T. (who believes in suggesting answers, touching his chin)—What is this?

Bright Boy (who takes the hint and remembers it all too)—The jawbone of an ass, sir.

Circus, in which P. O. T. and B. B. are principals.

Further Pouted.

(From *Puck*.)

Mr. Upson Downes (seated by a stranger in a car)—What time is it by your watch, if you please?

Stranger—I don't know.

Mr. Upson Downes—But you just looked at it?

Stranger—Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there.

It's Lesson to Thousands.

(From *Times* Stringer.)

The death of Jacob Sharp of nervous exhaustion and failure of heart action, is a most potent and striking lesson to the hundreds of thousands who use no other nerve force, life and energy in the worry, work and ceaseless striving after wealth. Men without number are at this very hour straining their brains and nervous systems in the mad race after fortune and fame, and like Sharp are slowly but surely causing to themselves complete nervous exhaustion, paralysis, insanity or death must be the inevitable and unless help from some source is received. Thousands of women are overworked, exhausted and nerveless, and are suffering from nervous diseases, such as DR. GREEN'S NERVE-PALE, NERVE-TONIC, which is the great boon for all who suffer from nervous exhaustion. By its use the power and vigor of the brain and nerves can be restored, health and strength re